TWIXT THE GLOAMIN' AND THE MIRK.

"SO-OO-K, so-oo-ok, sook Flower, sook Plum, so-oo-o-k.' Sweet and high, and gathering plaintiveness as it cleft the distance, rose the call in the pink spring twilight, and the faint cry of hylas from hollows where the melted snows of March yet loitered among the last

autumn leaves, came up like echoes. April's flying sandals had left their bloomy imprint all across the newly-aroused country world, and had cleared the border, making way for the green-and-gold of May, for whose tread the young, juicy grass had come, fringing lane and glade, poking its fresh, pliant blades out of the layers of brown, moist leaves, from under lop-sided rail-fences and around stumps, asserting itself bravely and buoyantly, and tempting the corn-surfeited cows to loiter late ere they "came hame," till the mellow, farreaching call of some neat-handed Phylis reminded them of waiting off-spring and substantial, if dry, repasts, and inspired in the heart of the old bell-cow matron a sudden recollection of home duties; one final twist of her long tongue about an extra succulent tuft, and tender, waving grass and late blue nestling violets are gone from the forest forever, while, munching placidly, old Flower wheels about and plunges ponderously through the thicket. striking the hoof-worn trail for home, her bell clanging and jingling merrily, while the herd follow contentedly the rhythmic "tinkle, tankle, tinkle, through fern and

periwinkle." On the long upland glade, tufted all over with the little sweet alluring shoots, temptation assails amiable old Flower once more to loiter, nipping this or that inviting cluster, and Ruthella Haddon, who stands waiting at the bars, overwhelmed in a ponderous brown gingham sun-bonnet, her tin milk-bucket upon her arm, and a stout-legged, irrepressible calf treading upon her skirt with his awkward hoofs and poking that ole green sun-bonnet, 'n' she give it to wouldn't hev his moist, cool nose inquisitively into her you." hand, grows impatient. Again the musical tones!float in the pink, mild air:

"Sook Flower, sook Plum, Far over the glade where the cows lingered, over the cool, damp hollow, where the shrill hyla voices piped, across to the hill beyond drifted the twilight call, and faintly penetrated the shadowy silence of an ancient apple-orchard, every one of whose old, bent, twisted limbs had been but the other day a wonder of wide-blown flower, waving incense to heaven, but now growing delicately green, like the heart of a sea-wave, with new, soft leaves. Even to the door of the farm-house the last long-drawn "so-oo-ook" made its way, then blent with and melted away into the

"Youder she goes agin, 'n' ever' lai st hoof'll be up 'fore I c'd git to the hoop-pole cle'rin'-shucks take it all!" A young man in shirt-sleeves (blue ging-ham) sitting upon an upturned tub at the back of the farm-house, bending to the task of blacking his shoes, held his brush suspended, while he went through the exercise of scowling blackly at the distant blue hill-range.

"What is it any o' your business of they air. Jawn Barley! Reckon yer neighbor's cows oughtta stay out 'n' spile ther milk 'n' storve the pore caives, jes' 'cause you hwantta go over 'n' pester Ruthella?" Granny Barley's usual speech was blunt and her tongue aggressive, though with a surface bluntness and aggressiveness only. She stood in the open door-way, polishing a milk-pan, a little brown woman with a mouth all drawn up into puckers, as if on a gathering-string. Inside, twilight was tilling the big kitchen with soft gray shadows, lightened by the bloom of the pink afterglow. In the cave-like fire-place some embers and half-burned sticks made a spot of brightness, and Grandpap Barley sat beide it smoking; Grandpap always would have his bit of hearthstone glow, the nucleus for the evening's home peace, and comfort, and fireside dreams and retrospec-From the entry beyond came the soft "ker-chink-kerchink" of a churn-dash leisurely plied by a handmaid, whom a belated

"Well, I ain't a-blamin' the cows none, granny"—John resumed his task and polished away briskly at his big shoe—"not for comin' when she calls 'em—who-ee, wouldn't I go a-bouncin' 'f I was ole Flower er ole Plum an' heerd 'er voice 'f I were a thousan' miles up crick! Wisht she'd call me oncet, but she wouldn't; not ef she knowed I was jest a-drappin' to pieces fer it.

"An' ain't you got no stiffenin' in yer backbone?" demanded granny, with asperity. "Air you a-layin off to go a-shmpin' aroun' a-waitin' fer her to call you, 'stid o' you a-stompin' up bold an' callin' her? An' what's the cows gotta do with it—what, I'd love to know?"

"Heap," said John, mournfully; "kin I see 'er ever' tim o' day, an' her allus a-bouncin' roun' where the others is? Ain't no time she's by herse'f but only milkin' time, when she goes down 'n' turns in the git thoug the home chores an' git over yere's the cows a-polin' up and the carves a-squallin' 'n' bawlin' so's she won't listen at you, an' the cows a-doin' their plum best to keep you 'way f'um her, an' time things get settled like, yere comes Polly Verbena a-pilin' lown fer to milk her cow, an' a-chatterin like a guinea hen; an' you might as well talk Chiny to Ruthella, all the good it does; in' hit's cause she don't hwant to hyur nothin'; she's pouty, an' been that a-way fer more'n a month; I kin tell; whenever'n she goes roun' with a ole big sun-bonnet iled all down over 'r eyes an' won't never

look ip at you good, she's a-poutin'; 'n' l 'Well, the law! Ef I ever heered sich colishness," commented granny; "gittin" keered of a gal jest 'cause she keeps on her un-bonnet! She's a-bleachin' up fer the revival meetin' at Tanglefoot. "Hit ain't that," asserted John, firmly, I know all the girls bleaches up in sun-

bonnets an' half-hands fer picnics 'n' quat-terly meet'ns, 'n' festibles, an' ever'thing, but the' don't do like she's a-doin', ner she lidn't use to do that a'way; she's a-poutin' n' she's a-poutin' at me. "Go long off!" retorted granny, exasper-

ated; "serve ye right 'f yer jest natchelly too no count to step up bold 'n' fine out what she's got fer to pout at. "N' that's jest hit; I cain't git

John's reply fell upon no ears save his own, for with a disdainful flip of her checked dish-cloth and a whirl of her short insey skirts, granny had disappeared into the depths of the kitchen. "Don't 'pear as if tryin's any use; but, though, I don't 'low to quit a-tryin', granny

needu't to think.' John finished up the blacking with con-scientious thoroughness, and, as the first whip-poor-will of twilight sent his sweet, nournfal call ringing through the wood breaded the dusky orchard toward the opcosite ridge, humming the old play tune of the childhood, to which, when chosen by Ruthella Haddon in "Green Gravel" and kindred plays, his small associates had

adapted the words: lohnny Barley, so they say, Goes a-courting every day; Sword and pistols by his side, Takes Ruthella for his bride.

The cows had come home in response to Ruthella's call; John could hear the deep-drawn sigh of well-fed satisfaction with which one corpulent bovine matron, whose duties for the day were done, laid herself down in the barn's shadow to chew her end in sleepy luxury. Looking across the broad barn-yard bars he beheld Ruthella kneeling beside old Flower, whose plump, ed calf, having partaken of his portion of the pearly nectar, was tied within easy reach of the long, rough tongue of his ma-ternal ancestor, which was traveling industriously across his square face, regardless of his blinking eyes, until his red-andwhite feretop stood up in a fantastic little compadour between the nubs of his budding borns, which neatly completed his nothin' but yer supper, air you! All you

evening toilet.

From between the rails of the fence that From between the rails of the fence that separated the calf-lot from the barn-yard peered forth a sturdy calf whose wants had as yet been unattended to, with clamorous bleats and ba-a-s, succeeded by a lively, anticipatory whisking of tail and impatient lunging about, as with a merry clattering of tin cup and bucket, a snatch of song in a high and hearty key, and a clear-tened, vigorous admonition of "Shet up there, you little varmint; I'm a-comin'," appeared the maiden whose duty it was to look after the needs of the now rampageous young quadruped.

ever comes at milkin'-time—or use to; he never come lais' night, an' may be won't no more, an' no wonder, me a-bein' so fractious at him; but, oh, Reddy, how could he done whut he done after him—shucks! yonder's his hat in the bushes, an' listenin' at me a-talkin' out loud like a plum fool! Sposin' he'd a crope up still an' heerd!"

But John was very far from creeping up silently this evening. He came forward swiftly, brushing through the thicket so vigorously the branches rustled as if a breeze had blown through, and straight to Ruthella's side, holding the forlers of the newer come lais' night, an' may be won't no more, an' no wonder, me a-bein' so fractious at him; but, oh, Reddy, how could he done whut he done after him—shucks! yonder's his hat in the bushes, an' listenin' at me a-talkin' out loud like a plum fool! Sposin' he'd a crope up still an' heerd!"

But John was very far from creeping up swiftly, brushing through the thicket so vigorously the branches rustled as if a breeze had blown through, and straight to John beheld the scene with an expression

of despairing disgust.
"I knowed it, once let Polly Verbena
Jones git yere'n' that's a cend of ever'-

thing." He bit the words off crustily under his breath. "Jest listen at 'er now!"

A tussle was ensuing between the girl and the calf, the latter bending its energies to the purpose of getting bodily through an aperture only large enough to admit of poking its head out of; the former devoting herself to the task of restraining these efforts until the bars could be lowered, while high-pitched threats, shrill laughter, and vigorous scoldings disturbed the peaceful gleaming, succeeded, when peace was restored, by resounding song and lung-developing chatter to Ruthella, whose replies John failed to catch. He turned upon his heel, screened by the little thickets of saplings in which he had been standing, and went forward, skirting the barn-yard and adthing." He bit the words off crustily unforward, skirting the barn-yard and adjoining field, then vaulted over the fence, and made his way toward the Handon

"I oughtta went an' he'ped 'em," he pon-dered, surlily regretful; "but shucks! seems like as if I couldn't stan' Polly Verbena an'

her cuttin' up to-night."

The Haddon house lay dark in the shadows; the light of a kerosene lamp twinkled ont of a kitchen, where Mrs. Bob Haddon (Polly Verbenn's elder sister and Ruthella's sister-in-law) was getting the pans ready for the night's milk, and thither John went with neighborly freedom.

"Evenin'. Jawn; come in an' hev a chur." greeted Mrs. Haddon. "Bob, he ain't got John sat down, twirling his hat in preoc-cupied taciturnity, while Mrs. Haddon went placidly about the arrangement of her milk-pans with easy deliberation. John had known Peliny Jones long before she mar-ried Ruthella's brother Bob, as a kindhearted girl, who was always a good friend

"Peliny," he asked, with a boldness of a sudden resolve, "whnt's ailded Ruthella fer a right smart time back!" Ailded her how!" asked Peliny, as she took the tin strainer from a nail and carefully dusted it. "She's been a poutin' at me turrible.

John came headlong to the point, "Reckon Peliny set the strainer into the first milk-

pan of the row and sat down thoughtfully. "Pears like I hev conceited ther' was somethin' quare betwixt you an' her," she admitted. "'Pears like hit begun long

"Did she hwant it?" asked John, conscience smitten; "hit was all tore, 'n' a lot of the splits was out, 'n' she was a laughin' 'n' sayin' hit was plam wore out, an' some-bow I'd got so used to seein' it bobbin' about with her hid away in it, 'n' couldn't see it layin' round nowher' whut it didn't put me in mind of her, 'n' hit were awful purty, with that crinkled tuck round the aige 'n' great long flyin' strings, 'n' when she 'lowed she couldn't wear it no more seemed like I'd a give a farm fer it, jest to keep 'canse she'd wore it; 'n' that's why I baigged her fer it. An' when I tole 'er that she give it to me willin', seemed like. Did she hwant it, you reckon, Peliny?"

"No; she din't," responded Peliny, wrink-ling her comely forehead perplexedly. "What'd she hwant a clerag like hit fer? But whut beats me, the way she done a couple o' days atter. She'd went to take your granny some seed popcorn fer to plant in her truck patch, 'n when she come home she was plum fractious 'n quare; sewed the tail onto her new sun-bonnet she was makin' wrong side out, 'n then put it on an' kep' it on all day, so's nobody couldn't see her face, 'n' when Bob deviled her about lettin' you hev the old one she bristled up mad as a wet hen, an' sayed she wished she'd tore it all up in shreds an' th'owed 'em in the fire fore she give it to

John rose, hurt and mystified. "I never seen her that day," he said, "so I couldn't a done nothin' to rile her; and she ain't that a-way at none o' the home folks but me. I do'no what in the shucks hit is, but ef she's spity about the bonnet I'll fetch it back to-morrow. I put it away keerful in the clauset in me an' Ben's room way back, with a great lot of sweet fenne 'n' lavender, 'n' I've dremp about it a many a time, 'n' never even tuck it out fer Ben to see-he's so keen to devil a feller."

"Jawn Jawn run quick yander's all Had-don's cows in the nigh fiel' jinin' Ben's corn patch 'n' the bars is down between run quick Ben ain't got back f'om town 'n' they'll tromp it 'n' ruint it ever' bit ole Flower's knocked down the panel wher' the fence was rotten an' ever' laist hoof's in 'n' twon't be half a minute 'fore they'll be i Ben's corn run Jawn!"

John emerged from the closet where he had been fumbling about in the dark for the sun-bonnet, which seemed, in some vague way, to have been the rock upon which the barque of his and Ruthella's romance had split. Granny, firing off her fusillades of sentences without any pauses of any description, having just taken her bands from a batch of bread dough, was capering spasmodically about the kitchen, dripping dabs of the soft dough here and there as she flew first to incite John to greater speed, then to the door in quest of

grandpap, screaming shrilly:
"O-o-ld man-old man! whur ye at?" "Shucks take the cows!" muttered John, as he strode forth; "might a-waited tell I'd got a holt of that air bonnet." Heedless alike of bonnets or wrecked ro mances, the cows, with the respectable old matron Flower in the role of ring-leader. were marauding lawlessly about, bent upon pillage and plunder, and, finding nothing but dry mats of last year's grass in the old fallow field, through which the young shoots had not as yet forced their way. were heading straight for the bright beguiling green lines in the one beyond making, with bovine instinct, for the 'gap." John promptly beaded them of put the bars up, then stood with his elbows upon the fence, gazing over moodily into the corn. It was Ben's patch; Ben had

broken the ground, planted and tended the corn, and John had not been near it before, his own special field of labor having been far away at the other end of the big farm. It had been planted only a month ago, but the stalks were shooting up sturdily, and casting a critical eye along the straight green ranks, John beheld something else, something green, but higher than the corn; and then, with a sudden setting of his teeth, he was over in the field at a leap. and making for Ben's scare-crow, set up when the corn was first planted—a tall, limber pole, that bent and swayed with every breeze, decked fantastically in an old blue Mother Hubbard gown of his sister's, a butternut coat of grandpa's, a section of gorgeous "rising sun" bed-quilt, and to crown all, Ruthelia's sun-bonnet; tattered and torn now (much worse than when she had discarded it) by the spring gales and storms, faded from repeated soakings in the rain, its long strings floating dismally to the zephyr's breath, its ruffle a limp loop of flabby string, its whole structure drooping

forlornly, and smiting John with a vivid realization of what Ruthella's pouting meant, and whence it arose. "She's went th'ough this here fiel' an' lowed I done it, attermea-baiggin' it away from her fer to keep." In bitterness of soul tenderly removed the faded souvenir pil-laged by Ben's blundering hand from the old closet. The sun was lowering, and even as John turned from the field a longdrawn note arose, sweetly plaintive in the balmy air: "So-oo-k, so-oo-k, Flower,

Old Flower raised her dappled head, dubiously meditative. "Hi, there!" shouted John, shaking a last vear's corn-stalk warningly, and duty backed by discretion triumphing, the old bell-cow led off, and her followers lagged along at her heels.

"Light out there, old sadies," admon-ished John; "but I'll bet you'll have to hump yourselves mighty lively if you git ther' against I do." Once more Ruthella Haddon stood beside the barn-yard bars waiting for the cows to come home, her milk-bucket upon her arm, and Flower's plump red calf beside her, gazing out between the bars with his long-

lashed, wistful eyes. "I wisht they'd come, Reddy, don't you! Ruthella said, stroking the calf's curl forehead softly. Reddy reached out a pink tongue and curled it around the girl's finger responsively, drawing it into his

"You air a greedy little varmint," proached Ruthella; "ain't a-keerin' fer ever keer for milkin'-time, er fer any one 't ever comes at milkin'-time-or use to; he never comes at milkin-time—or use to; no never come lais' night, an' may be won't no more, an' no wonder, me a-bein' so fractious at him; but, oh, Reddy, how could he done whut he done after him—shucks! yonder's his hat in the bushes, an' listenin' at me a-talkin' out loud like a plum fool! Sposin'

swiftly, brushing through the thicket so vigorously the branches rustled as if a breeze had blown through, and straight to Ruthella's side, holding the forlorn old sun-bonnet up before her wondering gaze.

"See that, Ruthella?" he asked, with curbed excitement. "Know what done it?"

Ruthella nodded soberly, the tears rising

in her eyes at sight of the weather-beaten "Pore old thing! A many a time I've saw it, 'peared like, of rainy nights, jest like I seen it in the field time I come through:

I've thought of it when hit was black dark an' the wind a-rarin' roun' the house, the winders a-rattlin' an' the rain comin' down blue buckets full; I've laid awakes-thinkin' of the pore ole thing up yonder. Hit weren't good fer nothin' else, an' I oughtn't to keered, but looked like atter you atalkin' so an' hwontin' it an all-" "Now looky vere, Ruthella," broke in John, "ef you b'leeve hit er not, the' weren't never a night so dark er rainy, not ef 'twas hailin' like furry an' sleetin' like Sam Hill, 'at I wouldn't a stomped up there in the dead o' midnight an' grabbed off that bonnet 'n' packed it to the house if I'd knowed hit were there; but I never knowed it till to-day. Hit was that fresh Mr. Beu Barley jest natchelly grabbed it out'n the clauset 'n' tuck it off with Jinny's ole frock n' grandpap's coat, an' put 'em up on a pole fer to skeer the crows, an' me 'lewin' hit was safte in the clauset all the time wher' I put it with lavender an' sweet fennel done up in it, an'-an' now, Ruthella, you ain't

mad no more, air you? I'm a-goin' to take keer of it now, you kin bet.' "Yonder's the cows a-comin'," said Ruthella. "will you let the bars down, Jawn!" "D'reckly," answered John; "but ef you ain't mad no more, can't I jes' tell you somethin'. Ruthella?" Reddy poked his spotted nose through the

bars and lowed plaintively. "Reddy's jest a storvin', Jawn," remarked Ruthella, "an' yonder's the rest of 'em a-bawlin' me deef. John sighed, leaning despondently against the bars, and gazing remorsefully upon the

"Hit ain't nothin' but the truth I've tole you," he said, soberly, "but maybe you don't keer, no way; but I'll tell you whut's a plum fac': ef you won't hev me I'll go off to Injy an' stay ther', an' I don't keer ef the natives er the wild critters eats me, er the sun srivels me all up to nothin'." John olded his arms obstinately, and Ruthella, pushing her sun-bonnet back just a trifle, gave him a glimpse of two sunny brown eyes and a curved red mouth. "Well, Jawn"-she pulled the bonnet forward again-"go, ef you hwant to git eat

SUMMER STYLES.

-Hattie Whitney, in Frank Leslie's Weekly.

The newest spring jackets are furnished with a movable vest, that is easily held in place at the arm-hole by buttons. Half-fitting black brocade jackets, with lace waistcoats and trimmings, are worn by elderly ladies over the same or other

It is rumored that the one-button glove is on its way to popularity. Three and four-button styles are already in high favor, owing to the length of many of the fashionable sleeves.

The Japanese wash-silks are very popular for country costumes, and for tennis and boating purposes. They wash as well as a piece of white muslin, and are deliciously cool and comfortable; they are also used as blazers and blouse-waists.

A very old fashion has been revived in the cording of each seam to the bodice, and also the closely gored skirt. A heavy cord goes round the bottom of the skirt, and up each seam. Silk generally covers the cord. When the gown is of figured or striped fabric, the cording corresponds with the flower or stripe in shade. Alpacas will remain in vogue for the com-

ing season, for their utility is now fully realized, and manufacturers are making them better than ever before. Velvet and passementeries may be used as trimmings, but simplicity should characterize their makeup. The most desirable colors are electric blue, mode, golden brown, silver gray and

"Hammock" dresses designed for elegant wear on sultry, lazy: afternoons are annonneed. They are made with long flowing Greek lines; they are steelless, cushion-less, half-fitting, but graceful withal, hav-ing no look of untidy looseness, and are made of all the soft, pretty crepalines challies, carmelites, and also of China silk toulard and surah.

The handsome tweeds, English serges and fine French cheviots are made great use of in the formation of stylish and useful spring traveling-suits for journeys by land and sea. Many new and attractive shades have this season been added to the familiar dyes, and there are also novel effects in stripes, bars, plaids in refined color combinations, and Venetian-patterned

There is a tendency now to trim the back of bodices rather profusely, and many of them are cut to resemble an evening dress that has been originally low or square and afterward filled up to the throat. A dress of black Chantilly lace is quilled upon a round-shaped yoke of gold tinsel, and panel of the same sumptuous material let into the skirt give the effect of an entire underdress of subdued gold.

The Spanish mantle is among the surprisingly lengthy list of light summer wraps. It is considered particularly stylish. and is to be worn with dressy toilets of every description. It consists of a fichushaped shoulder-cape of real lace in Spanish and Chantilly patterns combined, with long scarf ends that cross at the belt and fall low on the dress skirt. To many figures these are much more graceful than the all-round variety.

A light and sensible petticoat, suitable for almost all dresses, is one of ecru pongee Another is of good, strong American surah in gray. That they are not weighty, and that they take up but little room in packing them in trunks, compared with, for inance, a dozen starched ones, is one of their great merits. Some of the skirts are finished with a simple deep hem brier-stitched; others have a row or rows of pinked ruffles, but this trimming is inclined to ravel after a little wear.

This summer everything is masculine to the last degree. The most popular jacket is the blue or tan reefer with a sailor or Byron collar tied over the bust with a soft black scarf or secured by a frog or a single button. Beneath this the waistcoat asserts itself, being generally of silk or figured pique, and low cut so as to reveal the picadilly shirt, which is no sham but the real article with the bosom of dotted, striped or pleated percale, and either a silk tie or a narrow embroideried one of white lawn at the neck. With this is worn a strictly tailor-made skirt, generally of Scotch cheviot or the serviceable English homespun.

Basques have reappeared, quite short, to be sure, and either stitched or cut in battlemented squares long enough to turn under and form a looped edge. The drapery hooking upon the back of the waist is again fashionable. The dress-makers use all their skill in their endeavor to make a corsage appear as if sewed on the form and not fastened; to produce this effect they are either brought together and secured be neath the left arm with invisible hooks and eyes or with small buttons concealed by draperies. Many of the bodices of the imported costumes are fastened up the back, no buttons, however, being visi-

Anxious to Succeed Randall, Philadelphia Inquirer.

The quarrels for the possession of Mr. Randall's seat among the Democrats has become somewhat bitter. One of the chief aspirants has been a young man who moved into the district a few weeks before Mr. Randall's death in contemplation of that sad event. Of course district lines need not ecessarily prevent a nomination, but in this city they are strictly followed. While Mr. Randall's body was still awaiting burial this youth was sent to Boston to put in his bid for the nomination by making a rank free-trade speech. There was nothing brilliant or even striking in the speech, except its avowl of British free-trade ideas, but was written and spoken for an object and was printed in full in the free-trade organs of Philadelphia. But free trade has not yet got such a hold here that Randall's district can swallow it without gulping, and the indications are that Senator McAleer. who is supposed to be very nearly in accord with Randall's sentiments, will be given the nomination. He can doubtless be elected, while Beck, the free-trade theorist of tender years, would have a pretty hard time to pull through. But there is no longer any reason why the district should be conceded to the Democrats, and when the census returns are in the Legislature will doubtless see to it that a solid Republicant delegation is sent to Comment. lican delegation is sent to Congress from Philadelphia.

It Runs in Families.

New York Herald.

"Now, Alice, dear, I must make a confession. My family is not as perfect as I should like it-I have several very unpleasant aunts, and uncles, and cousins." "Hush, Tom, don't say a word-so have I."

READING FOR SUNDAY.

In the Rain. O robin, robin, singing in the rain, While black clouds lower Above your bower; , O swallow, swallow, pouring forth your strain
Of hope and cheer,
While dull and drear The gray skies bend above your soaring flight-Come bring, come bring Of joyous hopefulness and sure delight!

Come teach our human hearts your lack of fear, From day to day, Though skies be gray; Your happy faith and trust that somewhere near, Just out of sight, The sun's bright light Doth wait to break, and make the world anew; Doth wait to lift

The lowering clouds, and show heaven shining -Nora Perry, in the Congregationalist.

International Sunday - School Lesson for May 4, 1890. THE RULER'S DAUGHTER-Luke, viii, 41, 42, Golden Text-Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.—Luke, viii, 50.

HOME READINGS. Mon.-The ruler's daughter. Luke, viil, 41, 42, Tues.—The Shunamite's son. II Kings, iv, 27-37.
Wed.—Power of faith. Mark, ix, 17-23.
Thur.—Life through His name. John, xx, 24-31.
Fri.—The resurrection and the life." John, xi,

Sat.-Victory over death. I Cor., xv, 50-57. Sun.-No more tears. Rev. xxi, 1-4. WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

New York Independent. Jairus was the type of many a devout unbeliever that turns to Christ in the hour of bereavement. Jairus was probably an influential man of the class that persecuted Christ to their utmost extent. Perhaps he was a Pharisee won over before this sad hour to faith of some sort in the dissenting rabbi. How many are there who scoff at Christ's power, His influence on the history of the civilized world, His ability to comfort and inspire, and when the doom upon their household falls are the first to rush to Him, in spite of themselves. The unconscious, unrecognized power of Christ upon the hearts of unbelievers is one of the surest preofs of the success of His mission.

"Trouble not the Master," is very common advice. How can Christ ease the heart-broken, grieving for a dead father or son? Can Jesus bring the dead to life? What good is He to me when I am in despair or sorrow? If Christ is not as potent to cheer sorrow of the bitterest kind to-day as He was in the time of Jairus, then was His life indeed a failure. The knowledge of immortality conquers death. When Christ asserted 'I am the resurrection and the life." He has brought a sure solace to every heart that is bereaved. Christ has come to be troubled by those that are in trouble. He welcomes it. He wants it.

If you trust once, trust again! Keep trusting! That was the lesson that Christ was teaching the ruler, The fear that Christ forbids is that which arises through disbelief in Him. To doubt the power of Christ is the first step to a fear that He cannot help.

Christ never asks a preposterous or an unreasonable faith in any of His followers. Faith in Christ is not the same as faith in an intricate system of philosophy. How can an intelligent person help having faith in the Master when he sees throughout civilization such grand results of His mission, and this in spite of a disastrous series of interpretations. Had any other man been handled by his friends as Christ was his doctrine and his name would have perished from the earth. Christ is the sublimest inspirer of character in that he revealed, through revelation from on high, the full possibilities of human life and its right direction.

It is an ever-recurring fact that the scorners of Christ run through the whole gamut of experience from astonishment to humility, belief and praise. It is no more disgrace to change to Christ than it is to accept the true solution of the motion of the planets. One solves the mys-

tery of matter-the other the mystery of Of General Interest.

There are ten millions of people in Thibet which is yet closed to nearly all travelers and missionaries. Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, is one of the commissioners to the next Presbyterian General Assembly.

The provisional government of Brazil has issued a decree suppressing religious instruction in the state schools. The gospel story has been lately written in verse by a Siamese Christian, of Bang-

kok, a style which is very taking with the The Baptist anniversaries will be held this year in Immanuel Baptist Church, Chicago, May 19-28. The anniversaries open with that of the Woman's Home Mission Society and close with that of the

American Baptist Education Society. The Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopl Church now contains 2,373 registered chapters. May 11 has been designated by the executive committee as Epworth League day, and a special responsive service is being prepared for the occasion. There are about one thousand Christian

Chinamen connected with the Congregational churches of California and Oregon. mostly the fruit of the Sunday-school system as practiced in their case-one scholar to one teacher. These converts have formed a missionary society, and have sent two missionaries back to China.

There is a little church at Benita, Africa. wherein Sunday morning a number of boys and girls are to be seen with slates in their hands, taking notes of the sermon, and some of the older ones copy their notes on paper and give them to other native Christians that they may use them at meetings they hold in the towns near by.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South. according to statistics just gathered and published, has 4,862 itinerant preachers; 6,269 local preachers; 1,161,666 members (white), an increase of 88,168; 520 colored members, a decrease of 125, and 3,833 Indian members, a decrease of 1,135. The total of preachers and members is 1,177,150, showing a total net increase of 37,053. The number of infants baptized last year was 34,733, an increase of 3,861. The value of church edifices is reported at nearly \$17,000,000.

A very interesting service was held last Sunday night in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Plainfield, N. J. It was conducted entirely by women. Four women marched in a stately, almost ministerial manner to the pulpit at the beginning of the service and conducted the entire service, excepting the benediction. The address was by Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing on the subject of home missions. It was replete with interest. After the address six young ladies passed the plates and received a large collection. There was a large audience present, and the service was voted a very great success.

Thoughts for the Day. Let us be content in work to do the thing we can, and not presume to fret because it's little.—Elizabeth Browning.

I love that tranquillity of soul in which we feel the blessing of experience, and which in itself is a prayer and a thanksgiving.-Longfeliow. The crown and glory of all true union is

for each unit to be at its best. The links.

and not the impersonal chain, hold the anchor.—Bishop John F. Hurst. Religion, like a sword, is made for handto-hand conflicts, of which a man has many every day if he lives a sincere Christian life. If a man imagines such a life to be one of soft pillows and downy ease he is mistaken.-The Standard, Chicago.

Almost every one cherishes a desire, upon occasion, of doing a particularly good thing. But it is possible to so concentrate the thoughts upon the single desire to do well, that it seems impossible to decide what it would be well to do. No good is likely to be accomplished by the mere wish to be a well-doer. It is the work of the well-doer to know just what it would be well to do—and to do it. A particularly good thing is more likely to be done in that way than in any other.-Sunday-School Times.

A prayer-meeting ought to be primarily a meeting for prayer. Prayer is the most stimulating, strengthening, spiritualizing, of all religious exercises. Persons should be incited and directed to prayer themselves; to join in with others, perhaps, but still to lift up their hearts in prayer. In The only way to accomplish this is to keep

meeting of prayer, and by continued prayer to warm and lift their souls to God .- The Mid-Continent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Woman Against Woman.

Racket. Miss Prim-I never lie about my age.
Miss Caustique-Still, every one thinks you do.

A Discouraging Addition. Lippincott's Magazine. Cora-Doesn't it make you feel nice for people to remark how well you are getting Merritt-Yes, unless they add they "can't

Entertaining Journals. New York Weekly. Blinks-What sort of comic papers do they have over in Europe?

understand it."

Jinks-Excellent. Blinks-Are the jokes like ours? Jinks-Exactly. Same jokes, in fact, only

Not to Be Had. New York Weekly.

Mrs. Suburb (looking up from the paper)
—I does seem to me as if these city officials had not one particle of conscience.

Mr. Suburb (not quite hearing)—Well, if
they haven't it's because there is none in
New York to steal.

Cumulative Evidence.

Hossetter McGinnis-Do you really think that we are going to have real spring weather now? Gilhooly-I've no doubt of it. I see the shadow of the strawberry short-cake looms up no bigger than a man's hand.

Ah, Yes! Harper's Drawer. "I see no good in his books." "I read them with considerable profit to

"Yes. I was paid \$25 for correcting the proof-sheets.' Too Hospitable. Bailey-Harduppe is a very hospitable

Biller-Yes; altogether too hospitable. iley-Ehf What do you mean? Biller-Every time I go to see him to collect a little bill I've had against him for the past two years he tells me to call again.

Very Accommodating.

Customer (to young Israelite-Are these Israelite (decisively)—Dese glofes vill do votever you vants 'em to do. If you vants em to str-r-retch dey vill st-r-retch, and if you don't vants 'em, to str-r-retch dey vill dr-r-raw up an' fit close to de han'.

Depended on the Result. Lippincott's Magazine.

Passer-by (to Tommy, who has just been fighting)-Wouldn't your father whip you if he knew you had been tighting? Tommy-Well, that depends. If the other boy whipped me, pop would whip me, too; but if I licked the other boy, pop would just say, "I wouldn't fight, if I were you, Commy.

The Source of His Wealth. Johnson-It must cost you a good deal for

ousekeeping, Hawley, with your large family, and yet you always seem to have some money to spend. How do you man-Hawley-Oh, I can always find some change when I want it. I have six children, you know, and each of them has a little bank.

The Amende Honorable. Reporter (mistaking the English interpreter of the Japanese embassy for a Jap)-

You speak remarkably good English for a Englishman (indignantly)—Sir! I am no ap. I am an Englishman born and bred. Reporter (abashed)-Um-er-yes, yes, I know. I meant to say you speak remark-

ably good English for an Englishman.

Texas Siftings. Now that they have formed a society of young girls of pure character upon the stage (with a membership of fourteen), is it not incumbent upon American womanhood to organize a society of scrub-ladies of great piety with the mop! A society of female shop-lifters of high morality when asleep! A society of poetesses of spotless chastity when writing? A society of lady counter-jumpers of much innocence when at work?

A Hint to Landlords.

Departing Guest-Mr. Landlord, my expenses at your hotel have been greater than anticipated, and as I am a little short of money you will have to wait until I return before I can liquidate your bill. Landlord-Don't bother yourself about such a trifle. I'll just make a memorandum of it on the door here until you return. "But everybody will read my name there

"Yes, that's a fact; but I can remedy that.

Just leave your fur-trimmed overcoat with

me and I'll hang it on the door over your bill and nobody will ever see it. MR. BRODWEIGH'S OVERSIGHT.

It Came Near Separating a New Yorker from

and I shall be scandalized."

His Boston Sweetheart. "Mr. Brodweigh," said the lovely Boston girl, a flush mounting her pale forehead and her voice trembling slightly, "I will not deny that your avowal moves me strangely. cannot disguise the fact that my heart leads for you. But in matters that involve the whole future happiness of two human beings no step should be lightly taken. Mr. Brodweigh," the continued. wiping her spectacles, "while I should not look upon your residence in another city as a wholly insurmountable barrier to our union, there are, nevertheless, other things to be considered. You are not aware, pos-

"Are you, indeed?" exclaimed the young man, delightedly. "Why, so am I! Miss Howjames -my own dear Emersonia, I-"
"One moment, Mr. Brodweigh. It may seem trivial to you, but it is, I am per suaded, a matter of vital importance that we should entertain harmonious views in particulars as well as generals. Pardon me, but what are your preferences among vegetables?" The young man's arms dropped to his

"The vegetables to which I am-er-ad dicted," he replied, "are tomatoes, cabbages, turnips, rice, rutabagas, eggplant, beets, sweet corn, peas, potatoes, lettuce, parsley and mangel-wurzel. I also eat a great deal of oat-meal and cracked wheat. "Nothing else, Mr. Brodweigh?" inquired Miss Howjames, anxiously.

"Of course, I use all the principal fruits," he said. "I consider apples, peaches, pears, grapes, melons, cherries, currants and berries of all kinds as really vegetables." "You have omitted from your list nothing that—that seems to you peculriarly and distinctively brain-nourishing and—and representatively vegetarian in itself?" she said with an effort. "Nothing that I can think of. I have mentioned all the varieties; I think that I —but why this agitation, Miss Howjames?

Are you ill? Have I-" "Mr. Brodweigh," faintly spoke the young lady, "in the agony of this disappointment, the keenest that I have ever felt, and whose bitterness you, too, must share-"Emersonia Howjames!" he exclaimed in a thrilling voice, a light breaking in upon him, "did I forget beans? Did I omit beans? Why, beans, my darling, are my

very life!" She fell into his outstretched arms, they mingled their tears of ecstacy together. and New York and Boston again communed in spirit, as they have done once in a great while from the beginning, do occasionally even now, and probably ever shall do at rare intervals, world without end.

Bismarck's Last Waltz. Mme. Carette's Memoirs.

It was in 1867 when the King of Prussia visited the Paris Exposition, a ball was given in his honor, and while the cotillon was being danced Prince Bismark stood aside and looked on, when Mme. Carette stepped up to him, offering a bunch of roses, thereby implying that in the "ladies' tour" she invited him to be her partner. The flowers were accepted, and Bismarck waltzed with his lady through the crowd, to the astonishment and amusement of all to the astonishment and amusement of all those present. When the dance was over the great man took an artificial rosebud from his buttonhole and handed it to the lady with these words: "Will you keep it The only way to accomplish this is to keep | in remory of the last waltz I shall ever praying with them, to make the meeting a dance, and which I shall not forget?" OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

London exchanges tell of two girls in Germany who have been in trances nearly

A milkman says: "Watered milk will not dhere to a polished knitting-needle. Only pure milk does this." Clements White, aged seventy-two, of Smyrna, Del., walked thirty-six miles to notify a son of a death in the family.

The government telegraph service of Great Britain transmits, it is said, on the average 1,538,270 words a day to newspapers More carpets are made in one ward in Philadelphia—up in Kensington—than in all of Great Britian, which used to be the

great carpet centre in Europe. Fourteen deer and fifty turkeys is the sum total of the game killed in Lafayette county, Florida, a few days since by a Suwannee county hunting party.

The wife of a Polish blacksmith in Plymouth, Pa., gave birth to four children, all of whom are healthy. She has been married three years and has six children. There are three men in the Oregon State prison each of whom cut off a hand to avoid work. They are confined in solitary cells. Two others cut off the ends of their fingers.

The school-teachers of Spain are an ill-

treated class, and suffer severely from poverty. A teacher at Velez-Malaga literally starved to death, though the community owed him \$1,500. The King of Ashantee has 3,333 wives. They all live on one street in Coomassie,

and when they go out for a walk in a body, preceded by the eunuchs, everybody else has to walk in the gutter. Some workmen excavating at Nauvoo,

Il., discovered an old well 1,000 feet deep It will be explored, as it is believed to be a relic of the Mormon regime, and to be connected with subterranean passages. W. A. Rice, of San Luis Obispo, took a one-hundred-dollar prize for raising the biggest onion from seed furnished by a Philadelphia farmer. Mr. Rice's fragrant

tuber weighed six pounds two ounces. A usurer at Aschersleben, Germany, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, 2,000 marks fine and five years' police surveillance for charging an army officer 180 per cent. interest on money loaned.

United States England uses eighty-five, Germany eighty-three, France eighty-five, Sweden seventy, Italy thirty-seven, Bulgaria thirty-five and Mexico twenty-seven A couple of bulky and thoughtless oxer made a dive for a window full of green iouse plants in a restaurant at East Jordan Mich., and before they could be headed off the sidewalk and window were smashed to

The sum of \$55,000 in gold coin was sent from San Bernardino to San Francisco by mail, a few days ago, as second-class matter at 1 cent an ounce. An insurance company took a risk on the coin and the bank saved \$150 by using the mail

During a thunder-storm at Genesee the other night the lightning entered John Doring's bed-chamber, jumped into bed with Mr. Doring, burned his hip and then lit out, without scorching the bedding or disturbing Mrs. Doring.

Mrs. Ambrose Crouch, of South Jackson Mich., during the past year has baked for her family 2,368 cookies, 1.988 doughuuts, 217 cakes, 267 pies, 81 puddings, 798 loaves of bread and sold 916 pounds of butter. Her family isn't very large either. The deepest well in the world is soon to be dug in the environs of London. It wil

nished with stairs, and be illuminated. The object of the well is to enable students to observe the various geological strata. An Englishman who insulated his bed stead by placing underneath each post a broken-off bottle says he had not been free from rheumatism or gout for fifteen years, and that he began to improve immediately

be nearly 1,300 feet deep, and will be fur-

after the application of the insulators. A gentleman who lives near Washington Village, Me., and deals in sewing-machines. ran upon quite a mine of wealth recently. In tearing to pieces an old machine which had been in his possession for some time he ran upon a secret cavity containing tif-Jacob Edwards, of Hume, Fanquier

county, Virginia, was playing with his

brothers, when one of them threw a grain

of corn into his mouth, which lodged in his windpipe. Two doctors were summoned but not in time to save his life, as he died A Garfield, Ore., citizen has discovered that the squirrels that are shot and left on the ground are devoured by their fellows, and he has turned the knowledge to account. When he kills a squirrel he cuts a

hole in it and puts in strychnine, and in this way has killed a large number of the The roads are not so straight as they might be in Redington township. Maine. Last week a man who wanted to drive two yokes of oxen to the camp from the other side of Saddleback mountain, only six

miles away in a direct line, had to travel

fifty-eight miles before he reached the An old duck hunter of Savannah says day, if followed by other flights in the same direction days or weeks afterwards, will not vary to exceed twenty-five feet from the path of the ducks which have preceded them, and they will alight in almost the exact spot where preceding flights have

The gold beaters of Berlin at the Paris exposition showed gold leaves so thin that would require 282,000 to produce the thickness of a single inch, vet each leaf was so perfect and free from holes as to be impenetrable by the strongest electric light. If these leaves were bound in book form it would take fifteen thousand to fill the space of ten common book leaves. A New York canoest has started on the

longest canoe voyage ever undertaken. He set out from the statue of Liberty and will end his voyage, afte 900 miles of pad dling, at the mouth o Columbia river. ort Canby, Wash. 1 arries with him bottle of water from and Atlantic ocean, which he will empty into the Pacific in Oc-An old Wyoming hunter estimates that

there are not over 500 buffaloes on the globe now. There are less than 100 wild bisons, about 200 in captivity and 200 in Yellow-stone Park. Nearly all of the wild ones have been located. Twenty-five are known to be in Texas, twenty in Colorado, twentysix in Wyoming and Montana, and fifteen in Dakota. The big herd said to be in the British possessions is but a myth.

A Georgia editor has an old confederate shoe, manufactured for the government in 1864, just before the war ended. The sole is fully three-quarters of an inch thick, and is made of poplar wood, evidently shaped with a hatchet or drawing-knife. The upper is attached to the sole with a strip of awhide, running entirely around the shoe the leather being held to the sole with large carpet tacks. The upper is of rough cowhide, dressed only on the inside.

Pen-Pictures of Senators. Washington Letter.

Notwithstanding all the stickling over

the dignity of the Senate, most of the Senators are the plainest of citizens, and many are utterly regardless of dignity of bearing. Ransom, Edmunds, Hiscock, Sherman, Allison, Hale, Hampton and a few others are the personification of dignity when in public, but the majority of their colleagues don't give a rap for dignity out-side the Senate chamber. Dudes are the exception in the Senate. Everybody has heard the story of Senator Vance getting on the box and drivng the ladies of his household o a reception when his coachman suddenly took a notion to get drunk at a time his services were most needed. It is not beneath the dignity of Vance to do just what he wants to. Senator Coke walks about the streets under a stiff, broad-brimmed white hat, looking like a cowboy. Senator Vest is usually one of the plainest, not to say shabbiast dressed men about the Capi-tol. In the winter he wears a heavy, rough gray plster, such as is worn by car-drivers. The nap is rubbed off at the back, and the slit behind is spread apart like a fan. Walking down the avenue with his head drawn down into the collar, he looks like a little pot-bellied Indian wrapped in

Cockrell is astonishingly indifferent about his dress. He asmally wears good enough clothes, but he does not know when they fit him or how to put them on. If you see a tall, stooping old man with straight gray hair hanging carelessly and unkempt gray beard, with his coat sagging several inches lower on one side than on the other and flopping open, with his trousers bagging at the knees and full three inches too short, it flopping open, with his trousers bagging at the knees and full three inches too short, it will be a fair guess to call him Cockrell.

About 7 o'clock the other morning I saw do without dining?"

About 7 o'clock the other morning I saw do without dining?"

a tall, heavy-set and rather fine-looking old man cutting across Fourteenth street, near R, with a package of coffee under one arm and a package of sugar under the other. A second glance showed him to be Senator Pugh. He had on neither cuffs nor tie, and he was carrying his bundles home for breakfast with as much independence as a grocer's clerk.

TO MISS LILY BELLE.

Some Advice to a Young Woman About to Enter a Literary Career.

Miss Lily Belle writes and asks: "Will you be kind enough to give me a little ad-vice regarding the rules of success in authorship? I have just graduated from our town high-school, at which I wrote the 'Class Ode,' and my friends think that I have a great career before me as an authoress. There are, however, several preliminary matters of form with which I feel that I should be familiar, and I would like

What kind of paper to use?

What color of ink? Where to send my stories?

What color of ribbons to use in tying "5. Whether to write prose or poetry?"

You are quite right in supposing that the success of a story depends on the paper on which it is written. The average editor will not look at a story if it is not written on lavender tinted or "ragged edge" paper, with the writer's monogram on each page. Dickens and Thackeray owed much of their success to a rigid keeping of this rule. Pale blue or bright carmine ink is most satisfactory to editors. You will hardly be

able to succeed with ordinary black ink. Most young writers begin with the Century and Harper's Magazine when sending out their first productions. You would do well to follow their example, and gradually and gracefully drop down to the poet's corner of your county newspaper. "Aim high, c'en though you fail." And the postage is just as much on a poor story as on a

By all means roll your MSS, so tight that the editor will have to sit on them a week before they will come out straight. Use pale-blue ribbon on poems, but an old shoestring or disabled garter will do for stories. By all means write poetry; editors clamor for it above everything else. "Gentle Spring" is a thems upon which no poet has yet touched. "The Violet" would be a fresh and original topic for this season of the year. Say something about its "peeping forth from its mossy bed." Poetry brings better prices by the pound now than at any time in the his very of literature. We lately received 50 cents for a trifle over one hundred pounds, and it wasn't very good

poetry, either. Your questions prove that you are on the right track, and that Howells, Tennyson and James must look to their laurels.

What Is a Good Book?

Ladies' Home Journal. A good book is one that interests you One in which the bright rather than the dark side of life is shown. One that makes you see how mean are the small vices of life and how despicable are the great sins.

One that glorifies virtue in woman and honor in man. One in which the good are rewarded and the wicked are made to suffer-suffering, by the by, that may be of the conscienceor in a more material way, a reward given either on earth, or promised for the future. One which convinces you that this world one that breathes forth the goodness of

a Creator, and respects His all-governing One that makes you feel you are meet-ing real people—people who elevate your thoughts as you associate with them. A good book is one that you remember with pleasure, that when the dull hours come you can think of with interest and feel that there are people with whom you have a most interesting acquaintance, who are yet only characters of the imagination.

A good book is the one that tells, in good English, the story that it has to; sees no necessity for using foreign words, and does not quote from the Arabic or the Sanskrit, as if the author had written it with an En-

cyclopædia Britannica beside him. A good book is the one that we want when weary of the people of the world; that we can read out aloud and discuss; that we can hand to our daughters that it may give them pleasure, and which will only be a stepping-stone on the road of taste, not only to better and nobler books, but a

better and nobler life. That is a good book-and, my friends, there are hundreds of them.

Appearance of a Woman's Foot.

Helen Jay, in Lagies' Home Journal. On the principle that "All's well that ends well," the appearance of a woman's foot is of supreme importance. Treat your shoes tenderly. Have one pair sacred to rainy weather, for rubbers rain fine leather. Avoid varnish and blacking of all kinds, and substitute vaseline. First, rub your shoes with a piece of old black silk, then apply the vaseline with a soft, black kid glove. If you insist on your dress-maker facing your gowns with velvet or velveteen, instead of braid, you will lessen your shoe-maker's bills and be saved from the purple blemish on the instep caused by the movements of the skirts in walking. When buttons come off don't hunt up old shoes and use the shabby buttons, but invest five cents in a card of spining black beauties, and have them ready for emergencies. One old button spoils the style of a shoe. Gaiters are haritable things and cover a multitude of defects. Half-worn boots will last a long time under their kindly protection. Now is a good time to bny them, and in most shops you can get a pair for \$1.65. To save your evening shoes and slippers invest in a pair of white fleece-lined arctic boots. which will cost \$2, but save ten times that amount in carriage hire and medicine, not to mention the shoes themselves. After removing your shoes put them in correct position by pulling gp the uppers and lapping the flap over and fastening one or two buttons. Then pinch the instep down to the toe, bringing the fullness up instead o allowing it to sag down into the slovenly breadth of half-worn foot-gear. A boot that is kicked off and left to lie where it

falls, or is thrown into the closet, will soon ose shape and gloss.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. "Here, that will do!" The speaker was a rather small man, dressed in black, and his words were addressed to a big bully who was threatening to thrash an individual several sizes smaller than himself. "What's it your business?" asked the

"Never mind that; but just quit trying to pick a quarrel with this young man." "May be you'd like me to attend to your case instead? "Well, yes: I'd prefer it, on the whole." "All right, then! . Take that!" exclaimed the big bully, letting fly his right hand in the direction of the interferer's nose. The latter did not "take" it, however, When the fist arrived at the point in space

which had been occupied by the nose, that organ had removed its position, owing to the dexterous stepping aside on the part of Before the bully could recover himself the little man in black flew at him, rolled him over in the mud and had his physiognomy so distigured that he was hard to

As he rose and walked sadly off to com-mune with himself the man who had been rescued thanked his protector and added: "I suppose you are a professional pugi-

"Oh, no," replied the latter; "not exactly; but in my profession we have to be prepared for such things. I am a clergyman of the Evangelical Association.

Buying a Wedding Trousseau. Emma E. Hooper, in the Ladies' Home Journal. In buying a tronsseau I advise every young woman to commence with underwear, gloves, shoes, hosiery and such articles as do not change much in a year, while the hats and gowns should be the last selected,

as then one is more apt to have the latest styles. Too many gowns for one's position in society, and two few pieces of under-wear, etc., is better reversed. It is cus-tomary for a bride to provide table and bed linen and all toweling necessary for her prospective home; but this part of the outht l do not include in my present list. If the bride, to be, can save a trifle in the buying of her wardrobe, she will find that a small sum is convenient to have to expend in pretty things for her new home, which cannot rightly be included with the furniture. In furnishing a home it is a wise plan to buy for the kitchen first, then

Must Have Been a Bishop, bully, turning to the little man in black.